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The Official Newspaper  
of The California School of Fine Art

November 23  
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Just as I was getting used to writing '58 instead of '57 and in six more weeks we have to start learning to write '59. The years are getting shorter every day.

I was supposed to advertise the student sale all over this issue of the paper, but after seeing the posters all over the school, whats the use? Hope you do turn out a good display of merchandise this year. We don't want to dissappoint the regular customers, and that cash in the students hands has a nice, if unfamiliar feel.

I trust that you have noticed the dropping of the editorial we. Inasmuch as the staff of this indescribable alledged newspaper has been reduced to the minimum workable number, there seems little point in attempting to cover the fact that this is a one man operation and the opinions expressed in the editorial columns are the sole and singular product of said editor.

All gratitude is givin to those daring souls who have contributed to this and past issues. I venture to hope that this is a better issue than the past ones, and further to hope that there will be better in the future. I suggest that you now turn the page and get on to the important part of the paper.

Items for the Christmas Sale are being accepted in the Social Hall during the noon-hour on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. All drawings, prints, paintings etc. must be properly mounted or framed; all work must be ready to deliver.

More white space for the delectation of advertizing majors. Incidentally there is a real fine advertising art annual down at the main city library, does anyone want to reveiw it?

Inasmuch as you cowards have failed to avail yourselves in these pages of my offer to referree while you asail each other; I shall assume that it is safe for me to attack you in my own person. Watch this space for a vivisection of the student body of C.S.F.A. If that doesn't get the paper suppressed we'll try something else.

Draw your own cartoons.



In the beginning of antiquity Nothing roamed the world freely and at ease. Yet, at the advent of things, Nothing grew sad and restless. It had neither front, nor back, nor anything; a fact which is apt to inspire negative feelings even in the strongest. All it had, all it has ever had, was its name Nothing.

Nothing walked along a gurgling brook. Nothing gazed at the brook, looked at the many trees and wept. It wept because it could not gurgle like the brook. It wept because it had no arms to wave, as did the trees. It wept because it could not weep, because it had no eyes with which to weep or see and no feet with which to walk. It wept because it had nothing.

It was very painful to weep shedding no tears. Sometimes Nothing thought it would burst, thus giving vent to its pent up sorrows. But even this, most natural of all supposed actions, was denied to it: for, to tell the truth, Nothing was contained in nothing.

Nothing traversed the earth. Wherever it went there were things. There was always something and every thing had a kin. But there was only one Nothing. Nothing was not akin to anything.

One day Nothing chanced upon a road. It was a small dusty road. It was a novelty as far as Nothing was concerned, for never in all its travels had it met anything like a road. Nothing probed it, embraced it, enveloped it in nothingness; and Nothing decided, for it contained much wisdom, that this phenomena was specifically created to be walked upon.

Nothing perceived many strange things as it progressed upon the road. "It is certainly odd," murmured Nothing, as it passed a fortified town, "that never until now have such things been revealed to me." After much reflection it concluded that things, such as towns, are encountered only when one walks upon a road. It did not stop to examine these cities for it was anxious to reach the end of the road. "Everything has a beginning and an end," quoth Nothing, "everything, except Nothing. Therefore I shall travel to the end of the road."

The dusty road, which had in turn been highway and trail, ended at the front-door of a small ivy-covered cottage. Nothing, very much pleased with the appearance of things, entered. It was not dissatisfied.



A great mahogany desk, littered with innumerable sheets of yellow paper, faced Nothing. Behind this formidable mountain of matter was motion. Nothing moved closer and discerned a mobile shape not unlike that of a monkey. The only way in which it indeed differed from the monkey was that it did not continually clown and chatter. It seemed to be engrossed in more serious matters. This fascinated Nothing. Nothing proceeded to move around this thing. It clambered onto the top of this thing and slithered down to the bottom of it. Yet in spite of this, so excellent a survey, Nothing appeared not wholly satisfied. After meditating briefly, it resolved to enter into this thing. It did so by way of the nostrils. Upon entering, Nothing immediately knew that this was a human being and, moreover, a poet.

In this same instant the poet murmured, "I am nothing." He then exclaimed, "Everything is nothing."

Nothing experienced a strange sensation of delight, dignity and status. "Why, if everything is nothing, I need no kin, for I am everything." And thus, between the poet's groan and Nothing's triumph, Weltschmerz was born.

Nothing was jubilant in view of its own potency and vowed to keep up its relation with poets since the encounter had proven so fruitful. It embraced Weltschmerz and together they went to the cities along the road. In these cities, since Nothing was vain and could not hear enough times that 'everything is nothing', they entered many men. Not only were men shrouded in deepest melancholy while Nothing and Weltschmerz resided within them, but they started to adopt queer ways. Nothing and Weltschmerz caused festivals of suicide. People started to jump off bridges and towers. Some swallowed unhealthy drugs, others tightened a noose around their neck. Even the tender little ones could not be persuaded to live. They bawled and hiccuped until they choked and died.

For a while all this was very amusing to watch, but it became boring. Nothing and Weltschmerz learned moderation from the sheer fatigue brought on by excess. Nothing decided that most people were not worthy of so great an entity as Nothing, and were especially unworthy of its fine issue,--Weltschmerz. Weltschmerz agreed wholeheartedly, for he felt himself very special indeed, in view of his fine-sounding name.

So it came about that they retreated from the masses. Nothing



Very quietly they passed into the minds and the hearts of poets. where they still exist contentedly. Occassionally they assert their power; Nothing in order to prove to itself that it is indeed everything, and Weltschmerz to insure the retention of his fine-sounding name by all poets through all time.

W,T, (who is W,T,?)

The hill, the tree, the grass, the flea  
Live together  
In semblance of deity  
Love as a sign of humility:  
Breed as a need of destiny.

UNTITLED

The static hand, relaxed on the potter's wheel.  
For building trucks -- no, not adept.  
Perhaps to kill a president,  
or vice  
or strangle a spanish minister.  
But this too, goes away --  
with effort,  
yes --  
and pain.  
with tears as only from youth can flow.

P. Perkis